

“Lest We Forget”

TALES of the A.I.F.



940.394
LES
Pam.



THIS Book has been compiled by a Returned Soldier who lost his leg on Gallipoli with the 9th Battalion A.I.F.

By purchasing this copy you are helping disabled men.

Thanking you for your kind and generous response in the past. : : : : :

Yours faithfully,

A. J. KEMP,

A.I.F.

THIS BOOK IS NOT CONNECTED WITH ANY
LIMBLESS SOLDIERS' ASSOCIATION

NOT DUE TO WAR SERVICE.

Cautiously he peered over the top of the shell hole. The going had been long and tedious. Those damned Fritz flares had made things tough, and thoughts of a hostile raiding party had set his nerves on edge. It just had to be done. Somewhere about here it had dropped, for quite handy was the old battered tank which marked the spot he had in mind. What sort was it? Maybe something of the kind he had not yet seen. Scrambling silently from his position he slithered along—stomach to earth—towards his objective. Several times he deviated from the true line, groping about and closely examining what his hand contacted.

"It's just about here." "Will I ever find the damned thing?"

"What the ——." The sentence died unuttered. He had secured his prize. "What a little beauty! Just a dud, but what a beauty!"

Tucking the queer contraption into his tunic he turned into the inky blackness in the direction in which lay his trench—safety of a sort.

"Got the cursed thing, Blue—got it—but what a hell of a job."

"Yer silly cow," his mate replied. "One of these times you will buy a bunch of trouble with your darned souveniring stunts."

"Maybe, but it's worth it," said the collector.

"Worth it be damned," was the reply.

"Any cove who would risk his safety for a souvenir is plain ratty, especially if it's a Fritz one."

"It's harmless," said Blue. "Got no guts in it. Look you can knock the pin down as hard as you like, and there's no kick in it."

His words were for himself alone, as Blue had made a quick exit on the first knock.

Came peace and the return to Australia. Blue in his shack in the bush, and Andy to his suburban cottage. Later they met in the city. "The passing years have greyed your pretty lock," says Blue. "How's the souveniring. Still got the habit?"

"Yes, and I'm going to show some of the young bucks the whole issue to-night—come along and give me a hand," was Andy's reply.

"Not on your life; you caused me enough trouble before, yer cow."

"And this," said Andy to the youngsters, "is a gadget I picked up in France. Quite harmless, and I've often wondered how Fritz got the idea it was ever going to hurt anybody. You push the pin down like this, and——"

There was a deafening roar—heads poked out of the windows of nearby cottages. Shortly after they found him. Death not due to war service. Who can truly say "Not due to War Service." If there had not been the murder of an Archduke in 1914, it's a 10-1 bet that Andy's souveniring curiosity would not have been awakened.

NO PASS.

The boys were being entertained by a bunch of music hall artists from Blighty, and real wine was being served with refreshments as an additional treat.

Girl after girl came into the room and sang her song. Specialty dances were given, and applauded. Then around the room came the girls, each with a bottle of wine in her hand.

"Gosh!" said "Blue," eyeing one of the bottles, "I'd like to have that one back in camp with me."

"What's the use," said "Darky," "the guard won't let her by."

PRIVATE FARE.

The brigadier, he gets turkey,
The colonel has his duck,
The officers have poultry—
They always were in luck.
The sergeants they get bread and cheese,
And mop all they can;
But all the poor privates get
Is bread and apple jam.

BETTER THAN TICKLERS.

The ration problem on Gallipoli was at times a very real one, but probably the most trying part of it, to the troops at any rate, was that the only commodity in the "sweets" line of business was apricot jam. Australians often wondered why that particular form of preserve seemed to be unlimited. The explanation was that in 1914 the English crop of 'cots was one of the heaviest on record. Thousands of tons of the fruit were jammed and canned, and some makers (can any of us ever forget Tickler, with his picture on the label?) made fortunes, though all of them didn't deserve to. Naturally, the troops and especially the Australians, got sick of the sight of the stuff. One dark night in November, '15, it fell to my lot to take a fatigue party of 20 men down from "Q. Pip" (Quinn's Post) to the beach. None of us knew the route we had been ordered to follow, and we got helplessly bushed until I espied a light in what turned out to be an A.S.C. sub-depot. "I've been looking for you," said a voice. "You'll be the party for the stuff for the Jocks" (Scottish Horse). Scenting something good, I took the risk and said that we were. Darkness aided in hiding the Aussie uniform and silence did the rest. We afterwards discovered that we had got away with over 200 jars of Deiller's Dundee marmalade, among the best of Scotia's products. I have often wondered what happened to the wight who issued the stuff without a murmur. But in those days one could do a lot and get away with it.—Larry.

HARD-BOILED EGGS BINNS.

During the war Tommy Binns was well-known for two things—he was a first class key thumper and he ate two hard-boiled eggs on every day of the year. Once, when he was operating from a ship in the Grand Fleet, a message had to be sent ashore, absolute secrecy being essential. Tommy puzzled every listening Jerry with: "Two hard-boiled eggs transmitting," and repeated it several times. The Crookshaven station picked up the succeeding code message, recognised its source, and replied: "O.K. Hard-boiled eggs!" A German cruiser was sunk as a result.—Kingsley T.

BELIEVE IT OR NOT.

Man has but two friends: His mother and his bank roll. Stick to them, and they will always stick to you.

No man has any true pal. Where he would scorn to steal the coin out of your pocket, he might soon pinch the girl.

A half-a-loaf is better than no bread. But if you loaf all the time you don't get any bread.

Put a little bit away for a rainy day. But don't fall over yourself to spend it when it does rain.

Laugh, and the world laughs with you. But don't let the world have the laugh on you.

It's a long lane that has no turning. But keep on going straight till it does turn.

Be honest, pay your debts. What you owe to someone else does not belong to you.

Cut out the good fellowship. When you have plenty, it's "Good Morning!" When you have nothing, it's "Good Night!"

Meet your troubles with a smile. The worries of to-day are the jokes of to-morrow. And there's nothing like a good joke.

A friend in need is a friend indeed.

But where is the friend when you are in need.

* * * *

THE DIGGER KNEW.

Our Sergeant-major was giving us a pretty rorty time after a route march through the city.

" You're not soldiers' bootlaces," he roared. " In fact, I can't find words to express my disgust at you."

" That's the worst of being a poor, ignorant —," mumbled the bloke behind me.

DIGGERS.

An appreciation by C. J. Denis.

“ Diggers they called them Over There,
And Diggers they’ve always been
Sun-brownèd warriors, debonair,
Loveable, long and lean:

Diggers they called them, none knew why,
Casual, kindly blokes,
Pose sardonic, a smiling eye,
Taking it all with jokes.

And they marched and they fought, and laughed and lied,
And joked while they yet had breath,
Laughed at their wounds with a strange, stern pride,
Joked in the face of death.

Wherever they went there was work to do,
Whatever they did went big,
Then a cheery grin when the work was thro’ :
“ Hey ! How’s she goin’, Dig. ! ”

Diggers they called them back of the line,
Where they lounged thro’ the easier days ;
And the charge sheet told of many a fine
Won thro’ their taking ways.

And the crime sheet, black with the casual sins,
Was a terrible thing to see,
But they took their physic with ready grins,
And went to the clink care-free.

And they laughed and they lied, and drank and fought,
Where the game grew hot at the front,
And many a victory, dearly bought,
For them was “ a bit of a stunt.”

Then they greeted their cobbers from bed to bed,
Where they lay in their hospital rig
With a wave of the hand or a twist of the head :
“ Hey ! How’s she goin’, Dig ? ”

Diggers in Blighty, hats a-cock,
Casual, lean and brown,
Doing their brass and doing their block
To the tabbies of London town.

Telling a tale to a cliner or two,
Pulling the leg of a bloke,
Then back to the line when their leave was thro’
With a grin and a sigh and a joke.

They think of them yet in the little French town,
Remember them yet with a smile—
Sun-burned warriors, tall and brown,
Grinning to mark their guile.

Remember them well for their song and their sin,
For their deeds when the Fear grew big,
But remember them best for that casual grin :
“ Hey ! How’s she goin’, Dig. ? ”

* * * *

MAGIC WORDS.

The C.O. of a Salisbury Plains camp was not above abusing his officers in front of their men. But he found one officer—a one-pip artist—who was not content with silent resentment. In pretty plain language he told the C.O. that he wasn’t going to submit to that sort of treatment. Those of us who were standing in the front rank thought for a moment that old Bill would be seized with apoplexy. When he recovered himself, he snarled out : “ Another two words from you and I’ll have you packed off to Australia ! ”

But there was a look in old Bill’s eyes that showed plainly that he had met his Waterloo, when there came that calm long-suffering reply : “ I wish to hell you’d tell me those words, sir ! ”

GINGER KNEW.

In 1915, when the Fourth Brigade under General Monash, was camped at Heliopolis, I was standing alongside Ginger Reynolds, since killed. "Show me your identification disc," said the General. "Ain't got one," said Ginger. "Tut, tut, tut," says the General. "Do you know that it is a serious crime in the Army. Do you know what your identification disc is for?" "Of course," answered Ginger, "when I get to the front and am stiff enough to get my bally head blown off, they come along, pick up the pieces, look at my identification disc, and stop me blooming pay."

HIS TRICK.

"Sparrow" F. Wilson—he had a penchant for daylight rising, hence the nom de guerre—of the 12th Battalion had a breezy disregard for the conventions when applying for favours that roused sometimes the ire and sometimes the mirth of his officers. Just after the evacuation "Sparrow" returned to camp after a week's furlough in Cairo, and mucking the sway-up school the same night, heard the frivolities of the city again calling him. He busted into the O.C.'s tent next morning and not thinking to salute, airily announced, "I want a week's leave." "Yes," said the O.C., who knew "Sparrow's" worth as an active service soldier on the Peninsula, "but that isn't the way to ask for it. You take my seat here, and I'll go outside and show you how it should be done." The exchange effected, "Sparrow," seated at the O.C.'s table, lit a cigarette from a packet he saw there, and commenced reading a paper. The O.C. appeared at the door, clicked his heels, and saluted smartly. "Yes?" inquired "Sparrow," glancing casually up and exhaling a cloud. "I desire to apply for a week's leave, sir," said the O.C. "Sparrow" blew another cloud and then, "Take a month," he said. He started his week next morning.—D.R.

DINKUM.

First Digger (at Hughes' reception): "Can you 'ear what 'e's saying?"

Second Digger: "No, but it's dinkum."

" STONEWALL."

The battalion was going through the throes of a kit inspection. Bluey had traded his pair of spare boots at the little estaminet for wine, the pair which was always displayed on the top of his pack on these occasions. The Major inspected "Bluey's" kit, and found the boots there, newly polished, and freed from the most microscopic speck of dust. Someone tittered during the inspection, then several others. The Major "smelt a rat." He lifted the kit bag and found "Bluey's" feet tucked underneath it—in stockings. The Major indignantly roared, "One step to the front, left turn! Now march in front of every rank in the battalion, damn you, and see what you think of it!"

In the chill morning air, on still chillier turf, in stocking-feet, but still wearing his inscrutable smile of impudence, "Bluey" paraded in front of a thousand grinning physogs, and in due course returned to his kit, where waited the sarcastic Major.

"What do you think of it?" asked the latter.

"Up to putty, sir," "Bluey" replied. "It's the dirtiest regiment I ever inspected,"—H.B.R.

HE EARNED HIS M.M.

For individual sharpshooting, the record put up by Corporal Cox of the 5th Light Horse regiment will take some beating. During the retreat of the Turks after the fall of Beersheba, the troop in which Cox was, observed some Austrian gunners galloping away from their deserted battery. Outdistancing the others, Cox would jump from his horse when within range, fire a shot, then mount again and off. With four shots, Cox brought down four mounted Austrians, and with only one, an officer left, the Light Horseman set off in pursuit. Taking cover behind some rocks, the Austrian officer fired point-blank at Cox from a distance of about twenty-five yards, but the shot missed. Cox's aim was true, and with the five shots he'd fired altogether, either an Austrian or his horse was accounted for. For his exceptional shooting and his daring Cox received the Military Medal.—Western.

WHEN RYRIE SLEPT

It is a queer fact that once in the desert "Bull" Ryrie owed continued existence either to his generous proportions or the welkin-jolting quality of his snore. After Mazar raid, he lost track of his brigade. All palms and other desert landmarks bear a steadfast resemblance to each other, and, after two days' fruitless search, Bull was beaten; so was his horse. Tethering the latter, he lay down to sleep, which he did with an emphasis that tinkled far out over the desert. Soon afterwards the Field Artillery Brigade passed. Whether or not it was his bulk on the ground or the fact that his snore threatened to stampede the horses will never be known. "You can't sleep there," said a sergeant. "My name is Ryrie," said the awakened man. "I was making a very good job of it until you came." Of course, that revered name made a world of difference, and soon Ryrie was again snoring at the rate of 19oz. to the pound.

—Hay.

THE GULF BETWEEN.

Digger Jones, of the 1st Div. A.S.C., was washing down his two donks, in a shell hole at Fleura, about 50 yards from the old duckboard track, where the mud and slush was about two feet deep, in 1916. Having cleaned and groomed one down, he led him back and stood him on the duckboard track. A Staff Officer dressed in white corduroys, glittering spurs and polished leggings, wending his way to battalion headquarters, was annoyed to find a mule blocking his pathway. Approaching the mule he gave it a heavy shove, forcing it back into the slush, much to the annoyance of Digger Jones. "Here, what the h—— do you think you're doing?" he yelled indignantly.

"What do you mean by blocking the track with your confounded mule," said the officer, "I'll have you arrested for this. What is your name and number?"

Digger Jones surveyed the ground between them, and then replied: "You come over and get it."

TWO GENTLEMEN.

Who's on the 'phone? Officer and Gentleman. Sorry, can't both speak at once.

SUCCESS AT LAST.

A Quartermaster of one of the A.I.F. units at Lark Hill, Salisbury, found it very difficult to obtain some of the special supplies he needed. Many units has arrived and the demand exceeded the supply.

One very hot day his efforts were particularly unsuccessful, and at last in desperation, he sent his Q.M. Sergeant to the Camp Q.M. with the message :

" You appear to be out of everything I have asked for. Please let me have anything you have got which may be useful."

At last he was successful, and a perspiring Sergeant returned with a coal scuttle and a shovel !

CHANGED PLACES

My most delightful memory of the Receiving and Drafting Office at Westham, Weymouth, where I put in a few weeks before my return to Australia, was the arrival of a pair of diggers, both in overcoats and one so badly shot that the other had to hold him up. The sober man handed over the papers, which showed that this was the prisoner and escort we had been expecting.

An officer happened to be present, and he opened up with : " How dare you allow a prisoner in your charge to get into that state ? "

" Blime, sir ! " the sober man expostulated, " I had the devil's own job to get him here at all. He's the escort, sir. I'm the prisoner ! "—Spare Corp.

SOLDIERS' FARMS.

An officer was standing with a corporal looking out over the Sinai Desert, where the scenery consists of a straight skyline.

Indicating the dreary stretch of sand he said :

" This country wouldn't be much use to us in Australia, Corporal."

" Blime, wouldn't it," replied the Corporal. " They'd cut it up into farms for Returned Soldiers.

GETTING SQUARE.

If I get killed I'll leave me chats to the G.M. Only to get square with the b——chats.

COOKY WAS NO GENTLEMAN.

It was during the Pozieres stunt, and the Fritzies were coming into our lines by the hundreds. At the head of one batch strode a German lieutenant wearing an Iron Cross. Passing a squad of Tommies one of them stepped out and made a grab at the decoration. Springing to attention the Fritz saluted, and in faultless English said, "I thought the Englishman was a gentleman." The Tommy corporal let him go.

The same thing occurred when passing a batch of our own boys further back. Again the Hun was allowed to pass unmolested.

All went well until we were going through the cook lines, when a cookie rushed out, made a grab, and secured the souvenir.

Fritz, springing to attention, saluted. "I thought the Australians were gentlemen."

"Gentlemen be —— ; I'm only a flaming cook."

SNOOPS.

Hand it to Fritz—he knew more about radio than we did. In 1915 it was noted that when at any time we weakened a sector Fritz invariably acted at once, and terribly. It appeared that he knew our every move, and even was able to anticipate it. The closest combing of our crowd proved that all were above suspicion. A loquacious German solved the mystery. A telephone message was sent back asking for certain supplies, and closing with a humorous request for a truck of rum. Next day a German called across No Man's Land asking in good English if Bill got his rum. It was clear that the enemy had means of tapping our conversation, and that night a raid was ordered. It was successful ; and speaking as a radio-man it is my opinion that the most modern receiver hasn't much on the hook-up of valves and amplifier that we secured. Only fair to our side to state that thereafter we beat Fritzie at his own game.—Hay.

LOST HIS UNIT.

Wowser (to Digger with a "perfect lydy") : "Shame, comrade."

Digger : "Who th'ell are you to call me 'comrade' ? "

Wowser : "A soldier of Heaven."

Digger : "Well y'r a blanky long way fr'm y'r unit."

PRACTICAL HINTS FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

Always sift flour and baking powder together to ensure even mixing, before adding them to the other ingredients in cakes and puddings.

If you have a large cake that you want to keep for a time, put an ordinary eating apple in the cake tin. The cake will keep fresh and moist for weeks.

When making a boiled pudding of any kind, try fastening a piece of greased paper over the top of the basin with string before you put the cloth on. You'll find this makes the cloth much easier to wash and keeps the pudding nice and firm.

Stand baked custards in a dish of water when you put them in the oven and there will be no risk of curdling.

Before putting milk into the saucepan for a boiled custard, put a little cold water in the pan, bring it to the boil, and then add the milk. This prevents the milk "catching" and spoiling the flavour of the custard.

Try serving sauce with vegetables. It makes them twice as inviting. Just use a good white sauce. Turnips, carrots, onions, leeks, parsley, etc., are improved wonderfully when served with sauce. There's another thing, too—the rich milk sauce adds to the food value of the vegetables.

When you want to change from plain pea soup and vegetable soup, etc., add half a pint of milk to one quart of stock and you have a delicious "cream of pie" or "cream of vegetable" soup! It adds to the nourishment of the soup—and tastes so much nicer.

Cold potatoes and other vegetables may be mixed in a frying pan and gently cooked till brown. Cold potatoes may be made into a salad by slicing, sprinkling with salt, pepper, chopped parsley, grated onion, and a little oil and vinegar or salad dressing.

Vegetables, particularly greens, should be cooked in as little water as possible, and the water that is strained off should be used in stock for soup or gravy. Steaming is even better, as all the goodness is preserved. Baking and roasting are also very good.

RECIPES.

TOMATO PIE.

First butter a pie-dish and sprinkle with breadcrumbs ; place slices of tomatoes in a layer in pie-dish, then lay on slices of cold mutton ; sprinkle with pepper and salt ; then put on another layer of tomato slices, breadcrumbs, and slices of mutton ; sprinkle with pepper and salt, and put on top tomato slices and breadcrumbs ; place small pieces of butter on top, and bake in a moderate oven about half an hour.

* * *

BROWN SCONES

Take $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of wholemeal and $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of white flour. Mix together, and add 2 teaspoonfuls of baking powder and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful of salt. Rub it into 3 ozs. of butter or lard ; then make it into a dough with an egg beaten in 1 cup of milk. Roll out rather thick, cut into shapes, brush over with milk or egg, and bake in a quick oven 10 minutes.

* * *

ORANGE SANDWICH.

Half lb. butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. sugar, 5 eggs, 10 ozs. flour, 1 teaspoonful baking powder, grated rind of 1 orange, and the juice of 1 orange. Cream butter and sugar together until white, add eggs one at a time, add the juice and rind of orange, and lastly fold in the flour and baking powder. Put into three buttered tins, and bake in a moderate oven about half an hour. When cold, put together with orange icing, and coat the top with icing.

* * *

ORANGE ICING.

Put the juice of half an orange and half a lemon into a basin, and add sufficient icing sugar to make into a nice consistency for spreading.

* * *

MARBLE CAKE.

Prepare an orange mixture, divide into three parts, colour one part with pink colouring and one part with cocoa ; leave one part yellow. Take teaspoonful of each colour and put into a buttered tin, avoiding, if possible, the same colours touching. Continue in this way until all the mixture is used up. Bake in a moderate oven about $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours.

940.394
LES
Penn